TWO

LYRIC EPISTLES:

ONE TO MY

Couſin SHANDY,

On his coming to TOWN;

AND THE OTHER

To the Grown GENTLEWOMEN,

The MISSES of ****

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A

LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

My Couſin SHANDY,

On his coming to TOWN.

DEAR SHANDY,

YOU know there goes a Tale,
How Jonas went aboard a Whale,
Once for a Frolic,
And how the Whale, ſet ſail
With a fair Gale,
And got the Cholic;
And after a great Splutter
Spew'd him up, upon the Coaſt
Juſt like a Woodcock on a Toaſt
With Trail and Butter.
I ſhould have thought him much to blame
Had he gone back the way he came.

So

So when you're over head and ears in Debt,
You'll fume and fret;
When once you're wip'd clean, if you preſume,
To plunge yourſelf again,—fret on and fume.
So when a Man has loſt his Wife
He makes a pother,
But he deſerves to loſe his Life,
If he will venture on another.

So when a Miſs juſt enters on her Teens
She makes a Coil,
Becauſe ſhe knows not what ſhe means
—You loſe your Labour and your Oyl.
But by and bye,
After you have taken your Degrees,
If you will try,
You'll be inſtall'd with eaſe,
And you may take a Flight
Upright,
Like me,
And drop like Icarus into a vacant Sea.

And ſo, becauſe Compariſons are odious,
Pray tell me plain,
Whether the Theatre in DRURY-LANE,
Or that of YORK, is moſt commodious;
And to oblige you,
I'll tell you a Story of ELIJAH.
As he was walking by a Wood in ſober Sadneſs,
Cloſe by a Mob of Children ſtood,
Commenting on his ſober Mood,
And taking it for Madneſs;
In their Opinions,
They hung together juſt like Onions,
And back'd them like ſuch ſort of Folks,
With a few Stones, and a few Jokes:
Till weary of their Pelting and their Prattle,
He order'd out his Bears to Battle.
It was delightful Fun,
To ſee them run
And eat up the young Cattle.

Now

Now had ELIJAH chang'd the Scene,
From thinking and walking
To drinking and talking,
Or any pleaſant Situation,
It would have cur'd the Spleen,
And ſav'd a Lapidation.

Your Affectionate Couſin,

ANTONY SHANDY.

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

Grown GENTLEWOMEN,

The MISSES of ****

*La Muſica et gli abiti Sono della Vagha Invencione di Bartolomeo Cogliane, Poeta Lirico et Virtuoſo della Camera della ſua Excellenza la Signora Conteſſa **** Procuratrice di San Giacomo.*

LADIES, I love you dearly,
And for a proof I ſend this Letter;
To deal with you ſincerely,
I dare not offer any better.
Many of your Mamas
Would look upon it as a Sin,

Becauſe
They and their Daughters are ſo near akin,
It would be wading both through thick and thin.
Time alſo, the beſt Tutor of all others,
Has open'd my deluded Eyes;
I have made Fools enow amongſt your Mothers,
I wiſh it was as eaſy to make you wiſe.
This, ſays Miſs Notable, is poſitive Grimace,
He thinks to rub the mould off an old Face,
By being ſmart and fly;
Juſt as a Houſewife thinks you'll eat
Her fuſty Meat
When it is ſeaſon'd in a Pye.

Miſs Notable, you are a Cynick,
And though in Greek it means a Bitch,
I only mean you are a Mimick,
When you ſet up to be a Witch.
Can you imagine me ſo queer
An Engineer

To think of making my Advances
By Fancies?
I know that an Approach is made
Sideways and by Inſinuation;
I know my Trade,
But not by a rhetorical
Or metaphorical
Or verbal Diſputation,
But by a real zig-zag Operation.
I would as ſoon attempt to take a City
With Sugar-plumbs
Inſtead of Bombs,
As take a Miſs by being witty:
Or to take you,
When you're in cue
To romp and grapple,
Like Eve,
Taking you only by the Sleeve,
And pulling out an Apple.

A Miſs that's brought up in a Boarding School,
Or in a Cloyſter,
Is like a Stool,
And like an Oyſter.
For though a Bungler can't get at her,
An Oyſter-monger who has thought on't well,
And underſtands the matter,
Contrives a Way into the Shell,
Like any Eel,
Into a Wheel,
Of Wicker,
Gobbling the Oyſter and the Liquor.

The Reaſon why ſhe is like a Stool, methinks
Is this;
(I do not mean a Stool that ſtinks)
That never can be like a Miſs;
I mean a Stool,
Not in the nature of a Chair,
But a mere Tool,
Placed in a Corner here and there

With

With an Intent
Not to be uſeful—but for Ornament;
Juſt like the Image of a Chineſe Lubbard,
Sitting upon a Chimney-piece or Cupboard.
Yet when a Drawing Room is full,
Or when a Company draws near
That bleſſed Sphere,
Where all are happy that are dull,
And they are taken up with ſome Debater,
You clap you down ſlipping aſide
And ſo your Stool is occupy'd
Sooner or later.
And ſo a Miſs that's thrown aſide like Lumber,
Altho' they watch her,
Will find Occaſions without Number,
If any one's inclin'd to catch her.

When a Man's ſaying all he has to ſay,
And ſomething comes acroſs the Way,
Without a Provocation,
I do not call it a Digreſſion,

But

But a Temptation
Which requires Diſcretion.
And therefore I petition
For leave to give a Definition
Of the Word Reputation;
'Tis an Impreſſion or a Seal
Engrav'd, not upon Steel,
On a tranſparent Education,
Which, held up to the Light,
Diſcovers all the Strokes and Touches
That mark the Lady of a Knight,
A Mantua-maker, or a Ducheſs.

A Miſs brought up in Fairy Courts,
Practis'd in ſublunary Sports,
And Contemplations in the Dark,
Is apt to be ſurpriſed
By a ſuperior Power, diſguiſed
Like an Attorney's Clerk.
Oft in the darkeſt Night, when every Head
Is wrapp'd in Sleep,

And free from Cares,
He ſallies from the Deep,
Stealing up the Back Stairs,
And without Dread,
He'll creep
Upon you unawares
Into your Bed.
A Fairy is a cunning Elf,
And ſeldom meditates a Rape
In any Shape
That you ſuſpect yourſelf.
Sometimes in Front he will appear
Juſt like a Barber's Block,
And ſometimes hang upon your Rear,
Dreſs'd in your Footman's Frock.
When once you are enchanted,
You are commonly poſſeſs'd all Night,
Like any Houſe that's haunted,
And like a haunted Houſe, a Prieſt muſt ſet you right.
And then by reaſon of your tender Age
You are in no leſs Danger
From HAMLET and RANGER,

The Enchanters of the Stage.
You are not open to ſo many Snares,
From Dancers, Singers,
And Fiddle-ſtringers,
As from Players.
Players make Love by Letters Patent,
All other Artiſts, are excluded,
But now and then it has ſo happen'd,
The Law has been eluded;
And by a Trick of a Logician,
No Lawyer's Whim,
For Inſtance, if the Artiſt's a Muſician,
You muſt convert the Propoſition,
That is, you muſt make love to him.
I do not mean, my Dears,
To alarm you with my Fears,
Though I could bring Examples recent,
And make Reflections,
To ſhew that ſuch Amours are neither decent,
Nor good for your Complexions.

Let but a ſingle Spark of Fire fall
Into a Powder Magazine,
It blows up all,
Quite and clean.
So when you have finiſhed a neat Billet-doux,
All but the Stopping,
And you're in Raptures leaning,
A Drop of Ink, you know not how,
Comes dropping,
And blots out all the Meaning.
If you delight in Slops
And will be always taſting and touching,
You may meet Slops where a few Drops
Will blot your Scutcheon:
Your Face breaks out in Spots, or you're inflated
To a Degree,
So as to be
Homunculated.
I quite forgot I was in ſuch a Trance
To give a Hint,
Aſquint,
About a Country Dance.

Dancing contributes greatly, 'tis confeſs'd,
To open and dilate your Cheſt,
And is exceeding good
To purify the Blood
And Humours.
But if you ſit too long, and cool too quick,
Your Hand is ſeiz'd and you fall ſick.
It feels as if it felt—all over—Tumours,
Shaking, as if you ſhook a Stick,
Tingling and numb,
Finger and Thumb,
Paralitick.
If People would but ſtick to their Profeſſions,
You would be dancing,
Not ſitting and romancing,
Like an old Juſtice at a Seſſions.
Suppoſing now you have eſcaped all Rocks,
Not without many Shocks
Amongſt the Shoals of Calumny and Rancour,
Thank Heaven you are not ſtranded;
Throw out your Anchor,
And then do what you pleaſe when you are landed.

Sure I ſpeak plain enough, you underſtand
That I would have you marry out of hand;
Whether you wed a Coxcomb or a Sloven,
By fair Means or by Covin.
Marriage reſembles a perpetual Oven.
Your chief Expence and Trouble's in the making,
Which need not be repeated,
Unleſs you are cheated,
From the firſt Time you put a Cake in.
For after that without being heated,
It will continue fit for baking;
Conſtantly ready Night and Day,
If you don't bake at home, your Neighbour may.
Do but contemplate a Pudding's end,
There is a String goes round about
Her Snout.
The String is very much the Pudding's friend,
He keeps her within bounds, or elſe ſhe would be ſpoil'd,
And by his means ſhe gets well boil'd.

Look at that Spit again,
What is it keeps your Meat from burning ;
It is a Chain
That humours it in turning;
And by that means, as you have often boaſted,
Your Meat is always nicely roaſted.

Juſt ſuch another tye is Marriage;
I take the Marriage-nooſe or Wedding-ring,
If you are prudent in your Carriage
To be a Pudding-ſtring.
And for the Marriage-chain, 'tis prov'd as clear as Glaſs,
To be but a Jack-chain—a Chain for a Jack-aſs.
'Tis all made out as fine as Silk,
Now attend my lovely Laſſes,
And I'll provide you all with Aſſes.
——You ſhall not want for Aſſes milk.

I wiſh a Miſs was like a Leek,
Whoſe Head is long
And ſtrong,

Altho'

Altho' the Tail
Be frail
And weak.
I could ſay in three Words all that I have to ſpeak,
Diſſemble
Whether you reſemble
The proud or weak.

Meekneſs and Pride alike inflame Deſire,
A Truth well known amongſt the Wenchers;
So Oil or Brandy thrown into the fire,
Are neither of them Quenchers.
Take that which ſuits you beſt, my gentle Dames,
Either will do, to ſet a Houſe in flames.
'Tis not ſufficient to inflame,
You muſt provoke, but you muſt tame.
Obſerve the Anglers,
They don't take every Fiſh that comes;
So many of your Danglers,
Are but Bull-heads and Miller's-thumbs.

A Captain

A Captain or ſome pretty Fellow,
May dangle with you at a Rout;
Juſt as they fiſh for Salmon with a Menow,
Or a red Clout.
But when you walk with STREPHON arm in arm,
And feel all over New-milk warm,
Whilſt he complains of Penalties and Pains;
You'll ſeem
Like an iced Cream
If you have any Brains.

Adam was weary of a ſingle Life,
And ſeeing Eve baſhful and nice,
He thought her fitter for a Wife,
Than any Beaſt in Paradiſe.

So when a Squire ſees a Maiden coy,
He makes a Jointure;
And in a fit of Joy,
Prefers her to a Pointer.

MILTON's *Delay*, it is no word of my inventing,
Lies in a point,
If you can hit the Joint,
Between forbidding and conſenting.
Juſt like the Cream of which you have been told,
Delicious, when 'tis not too cold.
All ſmall Delays are right,
They make Folks keen,
Whether they mean
To play or fight.
So at a Battle and a Cocking,
The Combatants before they let them go,
Stand a little while and crow.
And when you throw the Stocking,
After the Bride and Bridegroom's bedded;
The Bride encouraged by that Pauſe,
Yields to the Laws
And is beheaded.

The E N D.